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NO. 4.

THUS WOULD I DIE.

BY LEWIS J. CIST.

"I would give out my being amid flowers, and the sight of meadowy fields, and the chant of birds. Death at such a time, and in such a place, would be almost a reward for life!"—*Coleridge*.

I would not die 'mid the bustle and din
Of the noisy and haunted retreats of Sin;
I would not die 'mongst the heartless crowd
Of the worldly and cold—of the rich and proud;
Oh! not where the outcasts of Earth resort;—
Where vice and misery hold their court,—
Where the sun dimly shines, and the murky air
Is tainted with sorrow, and sin, and care,—
Not *there* would I die!

I would not die 'mid the revel and song
Of the city, where pleasure's gay vot'ries throng;
Not there!—not there, where the thousands reside—
I would not die where so many have died!
And I would not—I would not be buried there,
Where the sun cannot shine upon nature fair;
And where—at bright morn, and sweet eve, is not heard
For *Matin* and *Vesper*, the carol of bird—
Not *there* would I die!

But oh! might I choose, my being I'd yield
In sight of the waving, meadowy field;
I would die in the bloom of the beautiful spring,
When the earth is just clad in her blossoming;
Oh! then I would leave this cold world of ours,
Calmly to rest 'neath the wild-wood flowers;
And where—on each tree-top's leafy limb
Sweet birds might carol my requiem,—
Oh! *THERE* would I die!

I would die in the free and open air,
With Nature around me, all fresh and fair;
I would die where the song of heav'n's minstrelsy clear
Might sweetly fall on my closing ear;
And oh! I would utter my latest hours
'Mid the sweet perfume of the fragrant flowers;
The earth for my pillow—the clear blue sky
Th' last object to meet my closing eye,—
Thus—*THUS* would I die!
Cincinnati, Ohio, 1840.

OUR NAVY.

[Many of our readers will remember an article entitled "A Scheme for Rebuilding Southern Commerce," which appeared in the January No. of the last volume of the *Messenger*. The paper below is from the same pen, and we call to it the attention of all who have the interests of our country at heart. The subject is one of deep and vital importance, and is treated in a manner calculated to open the eyes and stir the thoughts of those in authority. We trust that it will meet with a careful perusal, and that the result will be such as the author would see accomplished. Independent of the importance of the subject, we commend the elegant style in which the article is written. The facts themselves are highly interesting, and the reader will find

some of them eloquently set forth. The wide reach of American commerce which it exhibits presents a thrilling spectacle, and the action of Old Ironsides with the *Guerriero* is described with graphic power. The allusion to the gallant officers who met the Briton upon his own proud element and conquered him, and bore the stars and stripes in triumph from the billowy conflict, so that they shine with new lustre on our flag as it floats over every sea; cannot fail to stir the pulses of American gratitude, and awaken us to a sense of our deficiencies. But with all this interest and eloquence of description, the author carries you along to his main point—the fact that the Navy requires re-organization. The arguments which he employs to this effect are forcible, and, to our minds, convincing.

But we only wish by these remarks to direct the attention of our readers to the article, which speaks, and speaks nobly, for itself. We beg leave to repeat our considerations of the author's worth and talents. He is an ornament to our Navy, and we rejoice that the country has such men to "stand to their guns" in the hour of stormy battle, and to contend with powerful weapons for her honor and her interests in time of peace.]—*Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.*

SCRAPS FROM THE LUCKY BAG.

NO. I.

To the Editor of the Messenger:

"I lang hae thought, my honest friend,
A something to have sent you,"

but I have nothing better to offer than "Scraps from the Lucky Bag." Every man-of-war, you know, has her *lucky bag*, containing a little of every thing, and something belonging to every body. For variety of contents, a regular lucky bag may vie with the caldron that witches boil and bubble "at the pit of Acheron."

Shoe of middy and waister's sock,
Wing of soldier and idler's frock,
Purser's slops and topman's hat,
Boatswain's call and colt and cat,
Belt that on the berth-deck lay,
In the Lucky Bag find their way;
Gaiter, stock and red pompoon,
Sailor's pan, his pot and spoon,
Shirt of cook and trowser's duck,
Kid and can and "doctor's truck,"
And all that's lost, and found on board,
In the Lucky Bag's always stored.

The "bag," Mr. Editor, which I am about to overhaul, has been open for fifteen or twenty years. The facts collected about the Navy during that time—hints dropped by messmates—opinions, notions, &c.—have been picked up and carefully preserved in this "bag." Before I proceed though, to arrange from this medley the "bit o' writin" for you, I must in good earnest bespeak the indulgence of your readers, and seriously invite their attention

to the facts which go to show that the Navy requires re-organization.

The great interests which this arm of national defence was designed to guard and protect, demand that it should be placed upon a better footing; for it has not kept pace, *pari passu*, with the improvements of the age. Its condition is by no means such, either as to *personel*, or *materiel*, as the dignity of the Republic, or the importance of her commerce, requires. Nearly half a century gone by, Congress passed an act for the building of five or six small frigates; and without any settled policy or fixed principles as to a Navy, the government, upon the most simple and economical plan, organized a mere handful of officers for those ships. To correspond with a Navy upon so small a scale, the ladder to promotion in it had but few steps; Lieutenant, Commander, Captain—and the Officer stood on the topmost round.

With a force too small to be respected, and too young and too feeble to right a wrong, or to protect itself from insult, it would have been downright mockery to create *at that time*, with all their paraphernalia of rank and office, our Vice Admirals, our Rear Admirals, and our Admirals of the Blue. There was no command for such a grade. With our resources undeveloped, it was doubtful, too, whether the policy of the government, or the true interests of the country called for a Navy; therefore, it would have been a prodigal waste of revenue to appropriate large expenditures of money towards founding a Naval Academy, with its splendid architectural department, its brilliant pyrotechny, and superb schools of practice.

But, Mr. Editor, times have changed since then. The maintenance of a Navy is no longer a matter of doubtful expediency. A constant naval force, sufficient to insure safety abroad to American citizens and commerce in times of peace, and to answer other purposes at home, has clearly become the true policy of the nation. The very interests which point to the necessity of a Navy, and which brought it into existence, require for it a vigorous and healthy system. But many of its laws are wrong—many of the principles engrafted upon it, have, by the changes of time, become defective. Experience points out many amendments and improvements which should be made; and necessity calls loudly for re-organization.

Not many years after Congress had passed the act, under which were built the President, United States, Constitution, &c., the country found itself in a warlike attitude with the most powerful maritime nation of the world. The question of a Navy was mooted. A Navy was of doubtful expediency. And the government, almost ashamed of the little squadron of small ships which constituted its national marine, was ready to cast off the puny thing as a bantling unworthy of its fostering care. Hostilities commenced: and at the very onslaught, the

American Navy, with its tough little Constitution, met the enemy, and dealing around thrusts and blows in gallant style and so manfully, actually fought itself into favor; and, at the cannon's mouth, convinced the American people of its own value and importance to their country.

In 1812, the Constitution met the Guerriere, and a handful of American seamen had the honor of demonstrating a problem on the sea, which nations had been taught to consider difficult, if not impossible of solution. In one half hour, the charm which for ages had hung around the "wooden walls of Old England," and which held whole navies spell-bound, was gone forever. An English man-of-war was a prize, and her crew prisoners to an American ship of her own class.

Dacres, recollecting the affair of the ill-starred Chesapeake, held his enemy in contempt—and, when he saw the Constitution standing *for* him, from his soul he pitied the rashness of her commander. Disdaining to manœuvre before such an enemy, the haughty Englishman opened his fire at long shot, and boldly stood for the American; but his enemy was the very *elite* of chivalry. Even at such a moment, the American tars could but admire the noble daring of the Briton. They felt proud to see *their foe* bear him in such gallant style. And in their sailor-song of victory, they called him "the gallant Dacres bold." Captain Hull had determined on his position, and stood on in silence.

The shot first fell short, then began to reach, and finally to tell. The impatient crew turned from the vaunting Englishman to their own commander, to catch, if they might, by a glance of the eye, or the motion of a lip, the half-spoken order. But all that could be read in the regular lines of that countenance was the coolness of bravery, and the stern resolve "to do or die." The Guerriere, enveloped in a cloud of smoke from her briskly worked battery, continued to near. Her shot flew thicker and thicker; and louder and louder grew their whistle through the air. The two ships are along side; the American has gained his position—and with the word, "Now's the time boys for good shots and gallant blows," the Constitution opened her well-directed and galling fire. Hull strode his taffrel. He saw the enemy's mast go by the board, and gave the order to "fire low." With a play upon words and one loud cheer, the crew caught up the order, and the word "Hull her—hull her!" passed fore and aft, and was echoed and answered from gun to gun. The Guerriere was a riddled and dismantled wreck.

The recollection of the enthusiasm and burst of patriotic feeling, which followed through all parts of the country the news of this battle, is, I doubt not, Mr. Editor, at this day green upon your memory. The gallant manner in which our ships, whether at sea or on the lakes, followed up the blow struck by the Constitution, filled the heart of

every American with admiration and pride. A Navy, now no longer a matter of doubtful expediency, won favor with the people, and became a favorite measure with the government. In 1816, a law was passed for the "gradual increase of the Navy,"—not for the improvement of the *personel*, but for the accumulation of *materiel*. Under this law ships have been built, and are now building; but not an officer has been educated or advanced—not a constructor, or an architect instructed. We have seen the spirit of improvement stalking through the land, and striding across the ocean in its work of wonders, but it has breathed not, except by indirection, upon the Navy. Old laws have been amended; bad ones annulled, and good ones enacted; but the laws for the "better government of the Navy" remain untouched, just as they were enacted years ago, imperfect and incomplete. With a small commerce, a small Navy was required; but now, with a commerce full-fledged, spreading her wings on every sea and sailing before every breeze on the ocean, a larger Navy with a new organization is loudly called for.

Mail routes, like net-work, are spread over the country—a sure index to an intelligent and thrifty people. Internal improvements, "those golden links in the chain," Mr. Editor, "which binds this Union together," mark the growing prosperity of the country, and tell of its present greatness and future grandeur. But the Navy of such a people, proudly styled "the right arm of their national defence," can boast of no school of instruction for its officers; is without any system of education; has no plan nor arrangements, nor even the means of keeping pace with the improvements of the age; and is afflicted too, Mr. Editor, with an organization quaint and *outré*, with a board of commissioners, and "many a blunder and foolish notion" of which we may not now speak.

I have already alluded to the want of grades in the scale of promotion. Half a century ago, when our Navy consisted of scarcely more than a Captain's command, the grades, Lieutenant, Commander, Captain, were all-sufficient for it. But now the case is different, and other and higher grades are required. We have a Navy respectable in force—sending its squadrons to different seas—boasting of the largest ship, and the finest specimens of naval architecture in the world. True policy and self-respect require, that that Navy and those squadrons should be commanded by officers similar in rank and equal in grade to the officers of other Navies. It has been more than the quarter of a century, since Captain Hull and Captain Dacres met as foes and knights of the same order. They are now, or recently have been, in the Mediterranean, in the service of their respective countries. There they have met again as friends, but not as officers of equal rank. On all occasions, *Admiral* Dacres takes precedence of *Captain* Hull,

On gala days and at parades; at public fêtes and in official ceremonies; in presentations and court etiquette; and in the eyes of nations; honors, attentions, respect, civilities and privileges, are paid to the English, or to the French, or to the Russian Admiral, which the American Captain may expect in vain.

Their want of rank often places American officers in embarrassing situations, and not unfrequently brings them in collision with foreign officers. In 1817-'18, Commodore Stewart was lying with his squadron in the bay of Naples, when the Emperor of Austria visited that port. The King of Naples gave a grand fête in honor of the Emperor, to which the royal etiquette admitted no Navy Officer beneath the dignity of Admiral. The Emperor and the King had been received with distinguished honors, and handsomely entertained on board the flag-ship of the American squadron. But the officer who commanded it was only a Captain, too common by title, too humble in rank, to be admitted as the guest and companion of Kings. The beautiful order of the ship, and the handsome reception given to their majesties won upon them; and as a special mark of the royal favor, the American Captain was invited to be present at the fête; but it was decided that the lowest place should be reserved for him.

Some years later, Commodore Bainbridge put into Toulon with the American squadron. There, the French Commandant refused to receive him as an officer equal in rank to himself, or to salute him except as a Post-Captain in any other Navy would be saluted. Within the last year, the English Admiral at Lisbon refused to receive our favorite Hull but with the honors due an English Captain.

American officers abroad are continually placed under embarrassments, growing out of the want of grades in their service corresponding to the grades in other Navies. The government in its intercourse with other nations, has been made to feel the inconveniences of this, and has felt itself called on to interpose in behalf of its own dignity, by forbidding the officers to fire a salute, unless gun for gun be returned. Hence, in a foreign port, a salute from an American is always a matter of previous and special negotiation. Nor is this want of grade free from difficulties among the officers themselves. Sometimes one Captain disputes the authority of another, and he again refuses to salute a third. The example of the senior officers contending among themselves, is pregnant with the most baneful effects. It poisons the very fountain of discipline, and never fails to bring forth insubordination—letting loose among the crew those refractory and evil spirits, which discipline alone can chain down. The fact, that an officer of intelligence could ever have advanced the doctrine, "that laws were not made for Post-Captains," gives some

idea of the imperfections of the present system of grades and detail of duty.

Who commands that man-o'-war steamer?—a Post-Captain. Yon frigate?—a Post-Captain. That seventy-four?—a Post-Captain. Who is the commander of that navy yard?—a Post Captain. Of that squadron?—a Post-Captain. Of that fleet?—still a Post-Captain—who, tomorrow, may be the commander of that single steamer, frigate, seventy-four, or yard. These various commands are so distinct and different in their character and importance, that they of themselves point to a different arrangement, and suggest the want of more and higher grades.

In the absence of such grades an important—ay, I might almost say, Mr. Editor, a vital principle in the life *militaire* is wanting. I mean the incentive of promotion. Three steps—Lieutenant, Commander, Captain, and the American Navy Officer stands on the highest round—rather, the *platform* at the top of his profession, and in the midst of a *crowd* of equals in authority. Rank, among military men, is like the precious stones—the less common, the more valuable the grade and the jewel. But Captain—the title is as current as coin. Something a-head—some high office to which every officer may look, but which few may reach, and they only after a long train of useful and important services, is the very soul of a well regulated military system, as well for the Navy as the Army. Does not the case of our gallant Hull and other veteran heroes of the last war, go to confirm the accusation of ingratitude in Republics, as well as to show that evil influences have prevailed towards the Navy? He was the first to carry a ship into action, and tilt at arms on an untried field. The odds against him were fearful;—no less than a veteran enemy and the full tide of public opinion. But his victory was a double one and complete. He made his enemy his prize; and dispelled forever from the ocean, the charm of British invincibility. Capt. Stewart, too, the last in action with a frigate, (and the last but one to come out of an engagement on the ocean,) also achieved a double victory in the capture of two ships at once. This officer, too, rendered another service in those trying times, which we cannot appreciate too highly. It is chiefly owing to the manly stand, and the remonstrance made with the Executive, by Capt. Stewart, at the commencement of the war, that those gallant ships which shed such lustre upon the American flag, were not dismantled and laid up in fear of the enemy.

These two, Hull and Stewart, are the only officers now in service who came out of the war as they entered it—the same in rank; and they are the only officers in the Navy, whether old or young, who took part in that war and have not been preferred since that war commenced. They have even seen those who, as Midshipmen, served un-

der them, raised to the rank of Captains, and invested with power and authority and clothed with dignity and honors equal to their own. Both of these officers are in active service—one at sea, the other at a Navy Yard. They are actively engaged in the duties of a military office, which they have filled with untiring zeal and ability for thirty-four years. And if for a higher grade in the Navy no better reason could be assigned, than a reward for distinguished worth and merit, I know not what appeal to a generous people can be more eloquent, than that which may be read in the gallant deeds, in the silence, the modest bearing, and true merits of these two veterans.

But let us admit that a higher grade as the incentive and reward of merit, is not required in the re-organization of the *American Navy*, we shall see that it is required on the score of public interest. In time of war, for the want of a higher grade, an exchange of prisoners among the officers of rank would be found difficult, if not impracticable. A Captain of the enemy would sometimes be offered as an equal exchange for an American Captain. Again: the latter would be considered to rank with an Admiral of the White. At another time, he must be accepted in exchange only for an Admiral of the Red. And again: no exchange of prisoners can take place, until the enemy formally acknowledge, that a Captain in the American Navy is equal in rank to their Admiral of the Blue.

The experience of every maritime nation that has ever boasted of a Navy, is in favor of higher grades of officers than Post-Captains. Practice, too, approves it. The details of duty are such as to call for officers of distinct grades and separate authority. There would be as much reason for confining the duties of all the higher offices in the Army to the single grade of Captain, as there is in clogging the Navy with but one grade for all its important offices and trusts. Common courtesy alone has extended the title of Commodore to the American officer in the command of a squadron. But even with that, whatsoever be the power with which his government may invest him, his capacity in many respects to serve his country is cramped, and the field of his usefulness circumscribed, unless he bear a title indicative of high powers, and one which men are accustomed to associate with such. An officer of rank to correspond with that of Admiral in other services, is as essential to a complete organization of the Navy—the efficient management and discipline of a fleet—as that of Major General is to a grand division of an army. Could *Captain* Jackson have trained the refractory, turbulent spirits which composed in the last war the Southern Division of our Army, to discipline and obedience; or could he have surmounted the difficulties which Major General Andrew Jackson successfully encountered?

Of all theorems, Mr. Editor, a self-evident proposition is the most difficult of proof. In the demonstrations of such, mathematicians frequently resort to the *reductio ad absurdum*. And in the present case, is not incongruity obvious in all parts of the system, which sows broad cast with one grade of officers all the offices and commands from a frigate up? To the single grade of Post-Captain in the American Navy, belong the offices which in other Navies, and according to their importance, are filled by Post-Captains, Commodores, Admirals of the White, of the Red, and the Blue. Experience has taught other nations the expediency of classifying the commands and offices thus *jumbled* together in our service; and of assigning to each classification its appropriate grade of officers. Such classification is obviously called for. The command of a second class frigate, with her crew of 360 men, is of much less importance than a line-of-battle-ship, with her crew of 1,000 or 1,500 men; and she again, than a squadron of ships of all classes. And should not the officer who commands squadrons, and directs the movements of a fleet, despatching with a signal a seventy-four here, and sending off a frigate there, be higher in grade than he who is sent off with that frigate? The natural difference in the situations of two such officers, their duties and responsibilities, require the artificial distinction of grade to separate and designate them. Will sailors yield obedience to a messmate, or soldiers to a comrade? Neither, Mr. Editor, will Captains at all times lend that prompt obedience, or hearty coöperation to the plans of a Captain, which the discipline of the service, or the good of the country requires, and which the dignity of a separate and a higher grade would not fail to command.

But there is other evidence besides the want of grades, to show that the present condition of the Navy is not such as the true policy of this nation requires it should be. I waive, for the present, a consideration of the prospective advantages which would result by placing the Navy on a better footing. I waive too the necessity of such a measure, as enjoined upon us by the precept of the sage and the patriot—"in peace, prepare for war." Ships too may be built in a month, but officers cannot be educated in a day, nor trained in a year. Commending this fact to your consideration, I pass by the wisdom and policy of keeping in service a number of officers sufficient to man, on any emergency, all of our ships that are already built and building. I shall not occupy these grounds, nor stop to review the advantages, or to discuss the many important results to be derived from placing the naval establishment upon a more liberal footing. I pass on from these to show, that the immediate and pressing demands of American commerce—the interest of American citizens, and the dignity and honor of the American nation all re-

quire, and are urgent in their demands, that a larger force than is now maintained, should be kept in commission.

The items of foreign intelligence, to be read from time to time in the columns of our daily prints, afford striking evidence of the insufficiency of the force afloat, to protect from vexations the widely-spread commerce of our merchants, or even to secure the American flag from prostitution. Within the last year, we have seen British cruisers interposing in behalf of our flag, and tacitly rebuking the inertness of the American government, by bringing American slave-ships as prizes into our ports. Through them, too, we learn of a half a score or more vessels, with false papers and mock Captains, engaged, under American colors, in the slave-trade. Such have been the acts of vice and crime perpetrated under this unguarded flag on the coast of Africa, that we have heard the question of search gravely brought forward in the British parliament. The American government entered upon the discussion of the African slave-trade at an early day. It took an honorable lead, and was the first to declare the traffic illegal, and its conductors pirates. These measures were viewed by philanthropists in the light of a pledge to them and the world, that the flag of the United States should never be worn by a slaver, or be used by one as a refuge and protection for his unhallowed purposes. But this pledge has not been redeemed; nor have the necessary steps been taken to redeem it, by maintaining a Naval force on the coast of Africa.

Without going back into the history of years, what better proof need we, Mr. Editor, in evidence of the necessity of such a force, and the inadequacy of the Navy to supply it, than that which we collect from the occurrences of the last year? Charges against an American Consul of official connivance and actual participation in the African slave-trade—the presence of American vessels on the coast of Africa, with the gratings, the false deck, and all the fixtures of the pirate slaver—other startling developments and grave imputations, too well known to be repeated here—the representations of a foreign government and its formal request, that, for the sake of her own honor and the cause of humanity, the government of the United States would send armed cruisers to the coast of Africa. Yet, under such urgent calls, the only disposable force that the Navy can afford for this service, without prejudicing interests elsewhere, is one small brig and a schooner.

But let us turn from the coast of Africa to the coast of China. There too we find very important and valuable interests to this country in a critical condition, and without the least prospect of speedy relief from an armed force. The trade of that empire with England is suspended—the blockade of Canton and consequent interruption of all trade with China threatened—England concentrating a

strong force in those seas; and, at this juncture, the only two American vessels of war stationed in the East, not having any to relieve them, are on their way home to meet the engagements with their crews. Recent intelligence gives strength to the opinion, that England will command the restoration of her trade, and, if necessary, will dictate her own terms at the cannon's mouth, and to the prejudice of American commerce. The necessity is urgent, that that blockade should be closely watched, and that the United States should be represented in that treaty with a strong force. But such is the condition of the Navy, that there is not at present a single vessel in commission which may be spared from other service, or despatched on that. It requires no great intimacy with the course of trade, and the exigences of commerce, to enable one to perceive how very important to American interests, is the existence and constant presence of a respectable East India squadron. The appearance, at the present juncture, of such a squadron in the China seas, would be peculiarly well-timed and judicious. But we have seen that the number of ships in commission is too small to supply such a force, without serious detriment to the public interests elsewhere.

In the absence of any public cruiser to suppress crime, and to sustain the national reputation, we have heard of scenes enacted, under the *stars and stripes*, on the coast of Africa, which, like an overcast cloud, will surely dim the lustre of those stars. That they have ever shed one protecting ray on the dark deeds of the African slaver, is attributable to the neglect of maintaining a force in commission for the suppression of that trade. But though an accidental state of things, places, at this time, in strong relief, the necessity of a Naval force on the coast of Africa and in the seas of China, this very state of things is an apt illustration of the value and importance to the public weal of such forces at all times. The actual condition of our commerce in other quarters besides those already mentioned, calls less urgently for help on the strong arm of government.

If you have a map of the world at hand turn to it, and placing your finger at the mouth of the Columbia River, consider its geographical position and the commercial advantages which, at some day not far distant, that point will possess. To the South, in one unbroken line, lie seven thousand miles of coast indented with the rich markets of Spanish America—to the West, Asiatic Russia and China are close at hand—between the South and the West, are New Holland and Polynesia; and within good marketable distance are all the groups and clusters of islands that stud the ocean, from Cape Horn to the Cape of Good Hope, from Asia to America. Picture to yourself civilization striding the Rocky Mountains, and smiling down upon the vast and fruitful regions beyond, and calculate, if you can, the important and future greatness of that

point to a commercial and enterprising people. Yet the first line in the hydrography of such a point remains to be run. It has been more than twenty years since an American man-of-war so much as looked into the mouth of Columbia River. Upon what more important service could a small force be despatched, than to survey and bring home correct charts of that river and its vicinity?

The valuable fur trade on the North-West coast, the commercial and other important interests there, have been left to themselves, and languish for the want of some evidence that the strong arm of the government is ready and prompt to sustain them. In 1818, the United States sloop Ontario, Capt. Biddle, was sent to the mouth of Columbia River. She returned without having anchored. This is the only visit of a public vessel to that coast. The river has been surveyed under the direction of the North-Western Fur Company of England. Their charts are secret, and used only by their own vessels. Though the entrance to the river is at all times dangerous, and with an East wind is impracticable, I have been informed by traders, that there is to the North of it a large and commodious bay, easy of ingress and egress at all times, and offering a safe anchorage to vessels. This bay is many miles across, and separated from the river on the South by a very narrow strip of land, across which the trappers and Indians are accustomed to drag their boats from the river. Such, Mr. Editor, is our ignorance of the topography of those regions, that were the government called on to treat definitely for its North-Western boundary, it would enter the negotiation as one blindfolded.

The whale fishery, too, that nursery of American seamen, and prodigy of Yankee enterprise, unguarded and defenceless, pursues its prey from the coast of America to Japan on the West, and hunts it North and South far into either hemisphere. A cruise round the world, for oil, is not a *foreign* voyage; at least, Mr. Editor, so has said a learned judge. It may be because the ocean is the whaler's home. But so it is, that Nantucket-men, for the privilege of fishing among our antipodes, without being on a *foreign* voyage, pay a large revenue into the Treasury. Towns and districts are supported by them. They annually fish up from the deep wealth enough to pay for every man-of-war in commission. Their trade calls for a hundred thousand tons of shipping, and gives employment to more seamen than the Navy of the United States. Yet the Navy affords no vessel for the special service of cruising over their "grounds" with these fishermen—not a gun to proclaim that they are American citizens, whose country is watchful of its interests and ever ready, with its strong arm, to protect them in their lawful pursuits and to redress their wrongs in every sea. The protection they do receive is incidental, afforded by men-of-war on their occasional voyages of circumnavigation. Twenty

thousand fishermen scattered over the ocean, and beyond the reach of the law—why, sir, if I could not, as I can, speak from personal observation, it would require no brilliant fancy to depict some of the scenes that are enacted among them;—outrage—mutiny on board—pillage—ships disabled—wrecks—the whaling Captain, with a full cargo, forcing the crew to desertion, or landing them on uninhabited islands, that he may reap the benefit of their *lay* or share of the cargo—the crew, in their turn, deserting at sea a Captain who is not *in luck*—and, disabling his ship, steal away his boat at night to revel in the sunny climes of South Sea Islands. The life of an American whaler “tells as true a tale of dangers past”

“As ever the dark annals of the deep
Disclosed for man to dread, or woman weep.”

Statistics obtained during a three years cruise among whalers, give the startling result, that from casualties peculiar to the whaling business alone, the loss of life during a voyage is ten per cent. of men and officers. If I were called on to point out a *useful* service for a public cruiser, I could not designate one which would be more grateful to the feelings of officers, or useful to the public interests, than that of carrying relief to distressed seamen among the islands of the Pacific, and of cruising over the “whaling grounds” to protect the fishermen in their rights.

The Pacific squadron, consisting at this time of one frigate, a sloop-of-war, and a schooner, (the two other sloops, there being none in commission to relieve them, are on their way home,) is altogether unequal to the efficient protection of our commerce in those seas; nor is it even equal to the exigences of American interests along the coast. The industry and enterprise of a thrifty people, have strewed the Western coast of this continent with American interests. These interests extend from the fifty-seventh degree of latitude at the South, far into the regions of perpetual ice at the North, covering a single line of coast actually greater than the diameter of this earth. To guard and protect these interests, involving life and property to a vast amount, there are now in commission, and actually present on that coast, only one frigate and two small vessels—a force wholly inadequate to the demands upon it, and utterly inconsistent with the dignity and honor of the second commercial nation in the world.

In alluding to the force in the Pacific, I purposely omit the Exploring Expedition. The Columbia and John Adams are in the Pacific perhaps at this time. But they constitute the East India squadron, and their presence on the coast of South America is casual. They merely touch there on their way home, and cannot therefore be considered as any part of the regular force kept in the Pacific.

Having carried you over the line, Mr. Edi-

tor, where the circumnavigator finds two Sundays coming together, and gains or loses his day, let us, before we attempt the stormy passage of Cape Horn, or consider the force of the Brazil squadron, cast back, and, like that navigator, trace on the chart our track. We have travelled from the Cape of Good Hope to Cape Horn—from the North-West coast to New Holland—from America to China and Japan—from the Eastern to the Western Hemisphere—and almost from the Arctic to the Antarctic Circle. But mark, sir, we have not once in all this distance been beyond the limits of American commerce. And mark this too, sir, that in all those regions we have found but *five* American men-of-war; two of them, like ourselves, homeward bound.

But as I said, we must touch at the La-Plata, and on the coast of Brazil, to look at the American squadron in those waters. Here we find a most valuable and active trade in flour, coffee, manufactures, hides, &c., interrupted and vexed by a blockade, paper and real—twenty-five or thirty French men-of-war harassing our merchants. They have wantonly seized, and anchored under their guns, two American vessels, in the presence of the American *squadron*, consisting of *one* frigate and one sloop-of-war. The American Captain, mortified at his own weakness, is writing a letter of entreaty, craving as a boon from the Frenchman, the release of these two vessels. The crew's time, too, is beginning to expire, and the men on board that frigate are becoming loud in their demands to be discharged or sent home, according to the articles of agreement at the head of the shipping lists. There is no commissioned vessel at home in a condition to relieve that frigate. Unable to wait longer, she is to leave the thirty French men-of-war in charge of a sloop of sixteen guns. She is expected at home daily.

I will not detain you at present, Mr. Editor, to review the Naval forces in the West Indies and the Mediterranean, nor stop you while I inquire if those forces meet all the exigences of American interests in those seas. I wish to call your attention to one more fact; for, upon it alone I am willing to rest the whole force of my reasoning for maintaining more ships in commission. The commerce of the United States is valued at \$400,000,000, affording employment for two millions of tons of shipping, and for many thousand American citizens. For the protection of these citizens and this property, distributed in all parts of the world, we have an effective Naval force afloat at this time of six hundred guns—less than is intended shall bristle on Forts Calhoun and Monroe, for the protection of Norfolk alone. I include, too, Mr. Editor, in this estimate, the guns of the East India squadron, on its return home without a relief—of two sloops-of-war returning from the Pacific under similar circumstances, and of one razee seventy-four returning from the Brazil

squadron also without having been relieved. We hear of vessels fitting out to take the place of some of these; of a frigate and two sloops-of-war, for instance, for the East Indies. All of which tends only to confirm the correctness of the assertion, that the number of ships kept regularly in commission, is not sufficient to meet the wants of the country.

I do not wish you to understand me as advocating at this time, the building of ships by the dozen, or any such extravagances. We have ships enough built and building, launched and rotting at their mooring, to answer all the *present* demands of commerce on the Navy. Mark that word *present*, for it is of *present*, not of prospective wants, that I am speaking. I defer the latter for another time.

Yours truly,

H. B——,
United States Navy.

THE POET AND THE SYBIL.

"And bought alone by gifts beyond all price—
The trusting heart's repose, the paradise
Of home with all its loves—doth fate allow
The crown of glory unto woman's brow."

I.

I have sought thee oft, in the starless night—
I have left a cheerful hearth,
When the lightning-flash was the only light
That fell on the trembling earth.

I have sought thee beside the foamy sea,
As its wild waves wash'd the strand,
When the whirlwind was sweeping flower and tree,
With the besom of rage from the land.

I sought thee there, for they say thou dost love
The night that is shrouded in storm,
When the sable clouds that are fleeting above,
Wear a dark and a terrible form.

II.

"What would'st thou with me?" the Sybil replied,
"Thou wearest a wreath of fame;
What would'st thou of one whom fate has denied
E'en the boon of a virtuous name?"

I love not the night, nor the whirlwind, more
Than thou, in whose youthful breast
The tempest-crash and the ocean-roar,
Find types of their own unrest.

Do the happy, the gay, and the beautiful seek
The loveliest spot that nature e'er made,
When the glow of contentment is bright on the cheek,
Or hope on the heart like a gem-gift is laid?

When the heart that has sigh'd for a glorious name,
And wasted its youth in the labor of years,
And the pale brow above wears the green wreath of fame;
Why sighs it for solitude, silence, and tears?

The light of thy song is shed over the sea,
And in isles afar off they are singing thy lays—
In ages to come, fame will point unto thee:

Then what can'st thou wish for?—*thou hast the world's
PRAISE.*"

III.

Alas! alas! it is indeed too true;
I've dreamed the first fresh hours of life away:
My hours of bliss have been but brief and few,
And I have sought in fame a broken stay;
But is there not, (and hope beamed in her eye,)
Some hope of happiness still left for me?
It cannot be that I am thus to die,
So sad, and lonely—No, it *cannot* be;
Oh! I would give my fame, my glorious art,
To win one pure and undivided heart.

IV.

Sad one! Genius is around thee—
What hast thou to do with love?
With a mystic chain he's bound thee;
Turn then, turn thy heart above!
Spells of might around thee lieth—
A mournful gift he made thy own,
And when thy heart oft sadly sigheth,
Thou can'st not hear an answering tone.
Turn thy heart to things above thee,
Thou hast given love for fame—
Would'st thou give for *one* to love thee,
Thine own glory-circled name?
Go, sit thee down on earth's green bosom,
And gaze upon the deep blue sky;
Go, watch the wild-flowers bud and blossom,
Whose beauties with the pale stars vie.
Go forth at night, when stars are keeping
Their solemn watch o'er quiet earth,
And heaven her pearly tears is weeping,
As if she mourn'd the planet's birth.
Go, sit beside the gushing fountain,
And listen to the night-wind's moan—
Go, climb the steep and hoary mountain:
Thy spirit will not be alone.
Those are the treasures of the spirit
Which barter human love for fame—
And *these* the gifts it must inherit;
A broken heart and deathless name. EGERIA.
Clark's Mills, Ohio, 1840.

SHORT CHAPTERS:

BY PATRICK PEDANT, SCHOOLMASTER.

CHAPTER VII.

TRAVELS AND TOBACCO.

Gentle Reader, if thou hast deemed it fit to spend a thought upon a poor schoolmaster, thou hast perhaps concluded that he was dead; a twelve month's silence might justify the conjecture. Or thou hast fancied him swathed in bandages, under the tortures of the *podagra*. Or, perchance, thou hast set him down as bereft of his wits by overmuch study, remembering old Burton's lamentation, "How many poor scholars have become dizzards, neglecting all worldly affairs, and their own health, wealth, *esse* and *bene esse*, to gain knowledge! for which, after all their pains, in the world's esteem they are accounted ridiculous and silly fools, ideots, asses, and, as oft they are, rejected and condemned, derided, doting and mad." Nothing of all this, as I am a true man; but, simply and truly, I have been over the sea, to 'merrie England' and 'Allemande.'